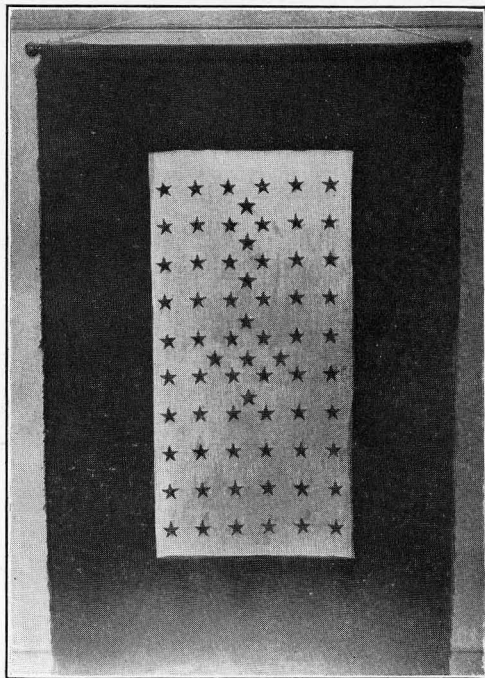


LA MAZELA  
'18





THE SERVICE FLAG

To the  
Boys who have gone out from Armijo  
to uphold the  
Cause of the United States  
in this great war,  
we dedicate this issue of  
*La Mezcla*

## ROLL OF HONOR

ATCHISON, EDWARD  
AYLESWORTH, GEORGE  
BIDSTRUP, CHARLES  
BIDSTRUP, LUELLA  
BIDSTRUP, MILDRED  
BORGES, LOUIS  
BRAKER, CHARLES  
BROWN, STEWART  
BRYAN, WILLIAM  
BURRELL, ELMER  
BURRELL, HOMER  
BURRELL, WARREN  
COFFMAN, CECIL  
CONNELLY, RAY  
CROWLEY, FRANK  
CROWLEY, WILLIAM  
DICKSON, LESTER  
DUNNELL, LEO  
ELLIS, FRED  
ELLIS, EARL  
FRASER, LESLIE  
GLASHOFF, CLARENCE  
GEREVAS, JOHN  
GREGORY, THOMAS

HAINES, FRANK  
HAINES, MARK  
HOYT, RICHARD  
HYATT, ROY  
HYATT, HERBERT  
JOHNSON, FRANK  
LAMBRECHT, EVERETT  
LONG, EDGAR  
MARTIN, SAMUEL  
MASON, RALPH  
McCOEY, JOHN  
MORTENSEN, HARRY  
OLIVER, REEVES  
PANGBURN, ARTHUR  
PEABODY, WALTER  
PETERSTN, HOWARD  
PETTIT, CECIL  
PFAU, MERTON  
PIENOVI, EMILE  
ROBBINS, IRVING  
ROBERTS, CHESTER  
ROBERTS, MILTON  
RUMMELSBURG, GERSON  
RUSH, HIRAM

RUSH, BEN  
SARASIN, LAGORA  
SCHINKLE, ADOLPH  
SEVERSON, GEORGE  
SHIELDS, DONALD  
SILVERIA, DAN  
SMITH, CECIL  
SOARES, FRANK  
SWIM, DAVID  
THOMAS, HERBERT  
TORP, CHARLES  
TURNER, HENRY  
UPHAM, LESTER  
VOGEL, FRANK  
WHITBY, LINTON  
WILKINSON, WILL  
WOLFSKILL, CLARENCE  
WOODS, ROBERT  
WOODS, WILBUR  
WOOLNER, HERBERT  
WOOLNER, MARSHAL  
WRIGHT, WILL

The Service Flag does not contain stars for Howard Petersen and Clarence Glashoff,  
as they were called after the flag was made.

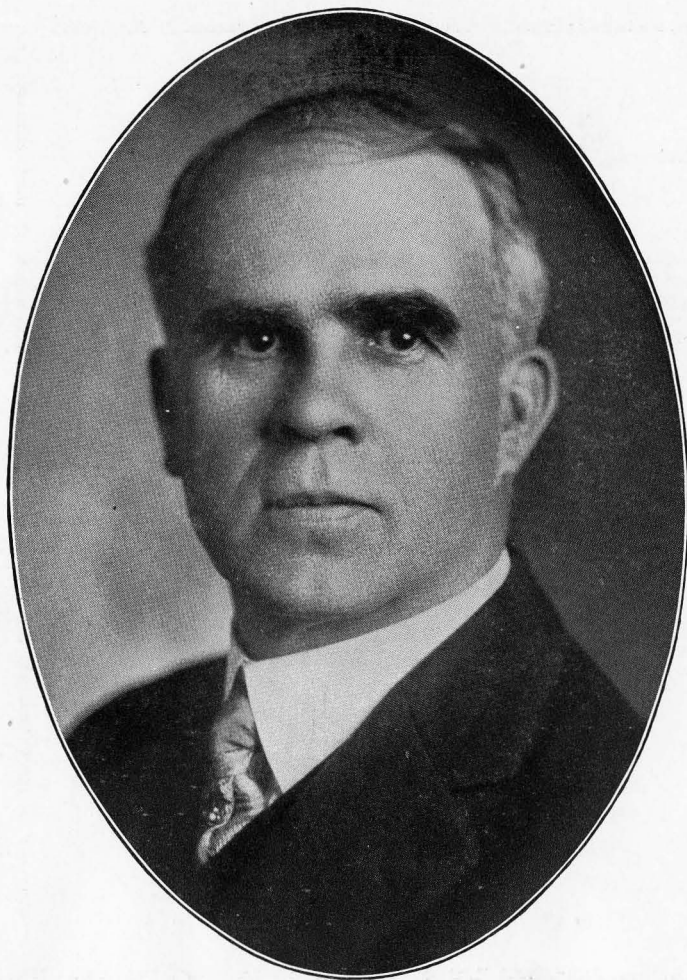
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

	Page		
HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING .....	5	OVER THE TOP FOR UNCLE SAM .....	23
FACULTY—		ANGELS OF THE BATTLE FIELDS.....	24
RECORD .....	6	MORNING IN THE VALLEY .....	25
PHOTO OF MR. MACKAY .....	6	THE WISEMAN'S CLUB .....	26
EDITORIAL—		A YEOMANETTE .....	27
NAMES OF STAFF .....	7	MIDNIGHT .....	28
EDITORIAL .....	8	MY SMALL SACRAFICE .....	28
PHOTOS OF STAFF .....	9	EDGAR'S FATHER .....	29
SENIOR CLASS—		OUR LITTLE BIT .....	30
PROPHECY .....	10-12	AT THE END OF THE DESERT TRAIL .....	31
PHOTOS .....	11-13	REMARKABLE .....	31
HISTORY .....	14	TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT .....	32
WILL .....	15	DRAMATICS .....	33-34
HOROSCOPE .....	16	THE SENIOR PLAY .....	35
JUNIOR CLASS—		SOCIETY .....	36
HISTORY .....	17	STUDENT BODY—	
SOPHOMORE CLASS—		PHOTO .....	37
HISTORY .....	18	ATHLETICS—	
FRESHMEN CLASS—		GIRLS' BASKET BALL .....	38
HISTORY .....	19	BOYS' BASKET BALL .....	39
LITERARY—		TRACK TEAM .....	40
AN ENGLISHMAN VISITS THE "BUNCH" .....	20	EXCHANGES .....	42
THE SEXTON .....	21	JOSHES .....	43-50
THE AERIAL COLLISION .....	22	ALUMNI .....	51
		AUTOGRAPHS .....	52-53





HOME OF ARMIJO UNION HIGH SCHOOL, ERECTED IN 1914-15 AT A COST OF \$80,000---SUISUN-FAIRFIELD



MR. MACKAY

## FACULTY

---

MR. WILLIAM M. MACKAY, Principal

Advanced Mathematics Latin

MRS. MINERVA M. UDELL

Mathematics

MR. JULIUS H. FIREHAMMER

Science Agriculture

MISS GENEVIEVE I. MCGINNIS

Domestic Science Freehand Drawing

MR. GILBERT R. JONES

Manual Training Mechanical Drawing

MISS HEDWIG E. BALLASEYUS

German English Music

MR. R. L. SPAETH

Commercial United States History

MISS MIRIAM SIBERTS

Spanish Medieval and Ancient History

MISS CLAIRE TUCKER

English Biology Gymnasium





# EDITORIAL

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FAIRFIELD, CALIFORNIA, JUNE 14, 1918

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## STAFF

EDITOR .....	AILEEN BEGUHL	SNAPS.....	CHARLOTTE MAYFIELD
MANAGER.....	JAMES McCOEY	DRAMATICS.....	DOROTHY MACKAY
ALUMNI.....	BEATRICE BRANSFORD	JOSHES .....	{ ARTHUR GARBEN
LITERARY.....	MARY PHILLIPS		{ CLAYTON SARASIN
GIRLS' ATHLETICS.....	ROBERTA WING	SENIOR HISTORY .....	ALICE CONNELLY
BOYS' ATHLETICS .....	ARVIN TUTTLE	JUNIOR HISTORY.....	JEWEL ROBERTS
SOCIETY.....	JULIA LaSHELLE	SOPHOMORE HISTORY.....	VIOLA GLUSEN
EXCHANGES .....	ARTHUR WITTKE	FRESHMEN HISTORY.....	RUTH TILLMAN

## EDITORIAL

This year we have decided to dedicate La Mezclah to the former students of Armijo, both the graduates and those who attended here at some time, who have enlisted in the branches of the war service of Uncle Sam. Already, on our service flag there are sixty-eight stars, each representing some loved one, a human soul, upon whom lies the hope of humanity. At first there were sixty stars on the flag, these increased to sixty-five, and then to sixty-eight. Nor still this be all. For some of our Seniors of class '18, graduating this June, will soon enter the service. Very soon, perhaps, one of our teachers will leave to be a soldier. And when he leaves Armijo, Mr. Spaeth will take with him the hope which we have for those already gone: that, if there is need, he may go "over the top, with the best of luck."

We are proud of those boys and girls. And when we look at the Stars and Stripes and then at our service-flag, lumps rise in our throats; and a feeling grips the heart, and hurts an instant—then makes us proud,—proud to have known those boys and girls here sometime.

As a whole school, we have done what we could for the Red Cross. There are one hundred three students in Armijo, and each one belongs to the Red Cross. In February, a play was given by the students and the proceeds were donated to the Red Cross. When the Red Cross chapter sent cloth to be made into clothing for the Belgians, all the girls who could sew took up the work during the spare time they had and, under the efficient supervision of Miss McGinnis, the work was accomplished. While the girls were engaged in sewing, the boys in the manual training department made boxes in which the Red Cross garments might be shipped away.

We were not idle during the Liberty Loan campaign. The student body decided to buy liberty bonds, also. So

three bonds were bought, one at the bank in Fairfield and one at each of the banks in Suisun, of the domination of one hundred dollars each.

We are not trying to brag about our part. It's so very, very small when we realize the size of our country. But even then, we are glad to be able to do that little bit.

We are sorry to say that some of the pictures of the staff are not in the book because the photographer was slow in fixing the pictures and they came in too late for publication. But the names of those members still appear in the staff and we give them credit for the work they have done in trying to help make La Mezclah a success.

Recently, at the expiration of the terms of two of the school trustees, an election was held, and two new trustees were elected. As yet, we have not heard much from them, but we hope to meet them all more in the future. We greatly appreciate all the consideration for our welfare which the board has given us.

We also wish to thank Miss Dills and the assistant librarians for allowing us to make use of the library at all times.

Before us, members of the Senior class of '18, looms the Future. Going forward to face it, we glance back, and pause to bid our teachers and classmates farewell, and we feel sad as we think that our parting may be for years or may be forever. We can only thank our teachers in our appreciation of what they have done. Under their guidance, we have learned and prospered. The friendships we have gained among teachers and schoolmates during our four year's struggle for knowledge mean very much to us. And wherever we may be in the future, we shall always look back upon the days when we were in Armijo among dear friends; and there will be a regret that those days should have had so short a space in our lives. Now with hopes high in our hearts, we pass out of Armijo's doors and begin our journey on the long, long trail. En avant!



# MEMBERS OF THE STAFF



AILEEN	BEGUHL	BEATRICE	BRANSFORD	ARTHUR	GARBEN	VIOLA	GLUSEN
JAMES	MCCOEY	JULIA	LA SHELLE	DOROTHY	MACKAY	CHARLOTTE	MAYFIELD
JEWEL	ROBERTS	CLAYTON	SARASIN	RUTH	TILLMAN	ARTHUR	WITKE

## SENIOR PROPHECY

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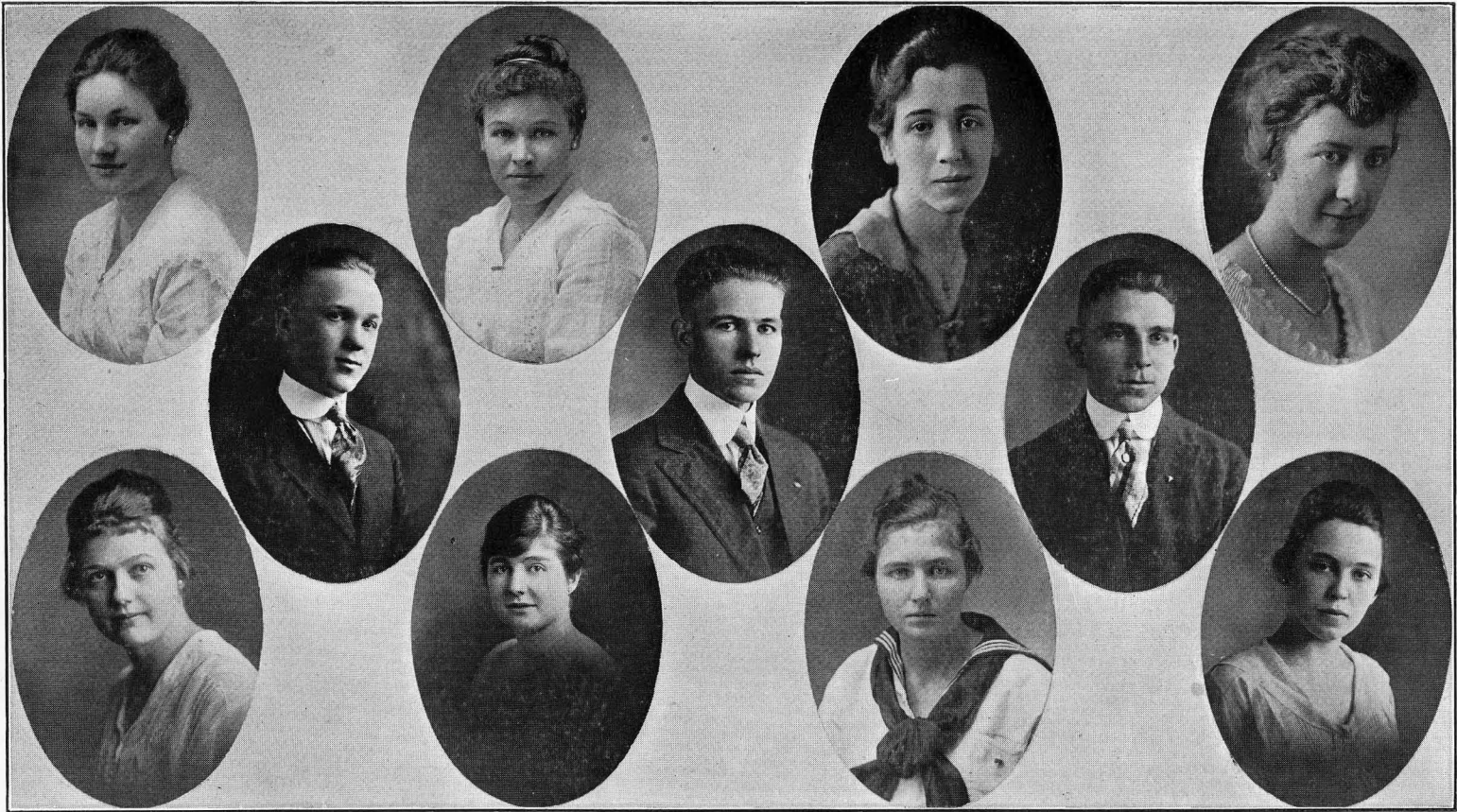
CONTINUED ON PAGE TWELVE

'Tis not as poet or prophet,  
That I'm writing here today,  
But just to foretell the fortunes,  
Of twenty-two Seniors gay.  
The fate of some is comic,  
While to others came great fame,  
But that of Alma's is tragic,  
Poor girl, I weep o'er her name.  
She sallied forth proclaimed a peach,  
To meet fate with a smile,  
But while in bathing at Palm Beach,  
Was eaten by a crocodile.  
Still there's the fate of Shirley Smith,  
A robust, manly chap,  
They say his downfall was quite swift,  
He dwells in an Elmira shack.  
Dorothy of our Senior class,  
Strolled off to Chinatown,  
She educated Chinamen,  
And made her name renowned.  
The fate of Lillian is amusing,  
On the movie screen she was seen,  
But the scenes were too abusing,  
She died with an enlarged "bean."

Over the sea to gay Paree,  
Elsie journied far,  
Now leading lady in a play,  
She is proclaimed a star.  
Do you recall Roberta?  
Well, a bump on her head did lodge,  
They called in a renowned doctor,  
He proclaimed it "camouflage."  
Let's not forget old Arthur Wittke,  
He kept us all a laughin',  
But now he is a business man,  
He works for Charlie Chaplin.  
Aileen Beguhl went to Peru  
For something to discover.  
She found a bug quite old or new,  
And put it under cover.  
One day a circus came to town,  
I went to see the show;  
Arthur G. was leading clown,  
I guess he's not so slow.  
Far to the north in the land of snow,  
"Dolled" up in furs and skins,  
Augusta lives in a cute igloo,  
But daily grows more thin.



# MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS



ADELINE BECK	ALMA BECK	AILEEN BEGUHL	BEATRICE BRANSFORD
ARTHUR GARBEN	JAMES MCCOEY	CLAYTON SARASIN	
ISABEL COMPHEL	ALICE CONNELLY	VIRGINIA JOHNSON	JULIA LA SHELLE

## SENIOR PROPHECY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE TEN

Adeline Beck, so sweet and wise,  
Drove off to Davis farms,  
She has a class of "farmerettes",  
Which caused the boys alarms.  
Poor Wilma Vennink, so they say,  
One day swam out to sea;  
She met a shark from Suisun bay,  
He ate all but her knee.  
The tale of Alice is quite glad.  
She bought an aeroplane,  
She made a friendly call to Mars,  
And drove the gods insane.  
We all recall Sir Clayton;  
He surely was some spunky;  
He made a trip to Africa,  
And was mistaken for monkey.  
Virginia wrote a History Book,  
And filled its pages full.  
They use it for an ornament,  
And say its full of ————  
Then there is Clement Tillman,  
Our tall human giraffe,  
He wrote some movie pilgrims—  
They'd surely make you laugh.

But, ah, the doom of Beatrice,  
You know she was quite charming;  
But now she's found in Suisun Valley,  
They may (?) get rich by farming.  
You all recall bold Arvin small (?);  
He built a house of mud;  
He wed a maid quite dark and tall (?),  
And settled down to love.  
And now methinks of Julia LaShelle,  
She sailed to Honolulu,  
And there she is the reigning belle,  
And dances quite peculiar.  
James McCoey, I am told,  
Bought a brand new fliver,  
He drove and dashed about so bold,  
He died from enlarged liver.  
And now I'll tell of Isabel,  
She journied far out West,  
'Twas there she met a nice young chap;  
They built a cosy nest.  
And now let's turn to fair Aileen,  
Her fortune is impressing,  
At last she became a YEOMANETTE,  
Now isn't that a blessing?

ROBERTA WING.

# MEMBERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS



DOROTHY MACKAY	LILLIAN MORTENSEN	AILEEN RIDENHOUR	AUGUSTA TORP
SHIRLEY SMITH	CLEMENT TILLMAN	ARVIN TUTTLE	
ELSIE TURRI	WILMA VENNINK	ROBERTA WING	ARTHUR WITTKÉ



## CLASS HISTORY OF 1918

---

The last step has been reached and it was a long, hard climb to get here. Four years ago thirty-three frightened Freshmen started to climb up the stairway to success. What a hunted feeling we had the first year. "Wierd" and "terrible" tricks were played upon us, but we soon overcame these, organized our class, and entered into the business of the student body. The year slipped by quickly and we successfully reached the second step. No more were we Freshmen but Sophomores. The work was more difficult and we had to apply ourselves more to reach the third step. It was gained but everything was different from our former years. Our duties as members of Armijo became more and our tasks increased greatly. Our school work was found to be more difficult and many social affairs had to be given. Most of our members turned their dramatic ability toward making our plays and entertainments a credit to Old Armijo. From our Junior candy sales and luncheons we were able to turn over enough money, which in other years have gone towards the Senior Banquet, to enroll both the Senior and Junior Classes of 1917, in the Red Cross. During the four years, Arvin Tuttle has held first place in field meets, a number of times in javelin throwing, shot put, and discus throwing. Two of our members, Arthur Wittke and James McCoey, have been elected to the office of president of the student body.

By hard, earnest work, we gained the last step. Some of our members withdrew from the climb to success with us, others moved away to continue their climb elsewhere, and so in the summer of 1917, twenty-two of us started our last climb. We elected Clement Tillman, president; Lillian Mortensen, vice president; and Augusta Torp, secretary, as our class officers.

Now our work is done. The portals of Armijo which opened so welcomingly to us in '14, have silently closed, leaving us to follow the gleaming path of Life.

May this motto ever be our guide—"En Avant".

Farewell to thee, Old Armijo!

CLASS OF '18

---

### ARMIJO'S COLORS

---

Of Purple and Gold our colors be,  
Tints borrowed from sun and sky,  
Our pride to wear them worthily,  
Our aim their pride to magnify.  
Badges be they of truth and love,  
Of duty and pure friendships tie,  
Constant remembrances to prove,  
Our loyalty shall never die.

## CLASS WILL

We, the Class of 1918, Seniors in the Armijo Union High School said school being situated in the town of Fairfield, County of Solano, State of California, being unbalanced in mind and unsound in body after many hours of "Mental and Physical Torture" and, being about to meet the same end as those who have gone before us, do desire to bequeath to all persons hereinafter named, all our knowledge and belongings, which are of no value to us, and do hereby declare this to be our last will and testament:

To Mr. Mackay, an automatic typewriter to save him from the "Hunt System."

To Miss Tucker, a baseball team that can hit the ball.

To Miss Siberts, a trip to Spain with her Spanish classes.

To Mrs. Udell, a tin soldier to keep order in the Assembly Hall.

To Mr. Spaeth, a "Fliver" to ride in instead of a wagon

To Mr. Firehammer, "man"ual labor in his Agriculture classes.

To Miss McGinnis, a furnished flat somewhere in——?

To Miss Ballaseyus, a trip to Virginia.

To Mr. Jones, generalship over his soldiers and some Bandoline to keep his hair down.

To Ellard Williams, a substitute for Beatrice.

To Mildred and Howard, a convenient locker on the sixth floor (?)

To the Student Body, a few exciting meetings and ability to care for all the money.

To all music classes, more harmony and less agony.

To Leslie Gordon, a new girl.

To Mary Phillips, new subjects to study to keep her busy.

To the coming Sophomores, right to decide upon questions themselves.

Charlotte Mayfield, the world's championship in

Tennis.

To Edward Kemp, a Fageol Roadster and the right to court Amy.

To Olivia Hoyt, the privilege of taking "Dot's" place in Armijo.

To Ruby Brady, a time piece to get her to school on time.

To Elaine and Raleign, a friendship license.

To Josephine Turri, a "REGIMENT."

To the Juniors, control over the Student Body.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, We have hereto set our signatures and seal, this 21st day of May, in the year of our Lord, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Eighteen.

ADELINE BECK  
ALMA BECK  
AILEEN BEGUHL  
BEATRICE BRANSFORD  
ISABEL COMPHEL  
ALICE CONNELLY  
ARTHUR GARBEN  
VIRGINIA JOHNSON  
JULIA LA SHELLE  
DOROTHY MACKAY  
JAMES McCOEY  
LILLIAN MORTENSEN  
AILEEN RIDENHOUR  
CLAYTON SARASIN  
SHIRLEY SMITH  
CLEMENT TILLMAN  
AUGUSTA TORP  
ELSIE TURRI  
ARVIN TUTTLE  
WILMA VENNINK  
ROBERTA WING  
ARTHUR WITTKE

## SENIOR HOROSCOPE

NAME, NICKNAME	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	APPEARANCE	AMBITION	DESTINY	CAUSE OF DEATH
Alma Beck (Beckie)	"I don't care"	Round	To get thin	Housewife	Family cares
Adeline Beck (Twin)	"Gee Whiz"	Pudgy	To grow up	Hat model	Big head
Beatrice Bransford (Bee)	"You DID?"	Blonde	To keep silent	Suisun Valley?	Fruit famine
Isabel Compbel (Issy)	"Darn it"	Witty	To make a hit	Spieler in a free show	Spielomengitis
Alice Connelly (Al)	"Absolutely had a keen time"	Dangerous	To create a sensation	Prima Donna	Over-doing of "eats"
Virginia Johnson (Ginger)	"I saw a classy car"	Dumpy (?)	To run a "Stutz"	Salvation Army	Gout
Julia LaShelle (Judy)	"Say kids"	Dashing	To tame Arvin	Man hater	Lack of amusement
James McCoe (Mac)	"I dunno"	In a hurry	To become President	Poet	Enlarged imagination
Dorothy Mackay (Dot)	"Why?"	Huge	To become great	Street car conductress	Shattered hopes
Lillian Mortensen (Lill)	"Oh. Heavens"	Sedate	To capture Till	Movie actress	Broken film
Aileen Ridenhour (Fat)	"Smatter?"	Shadowy	To be a yeomanette	Vallejo	Burst of speed
Clayton Sarison (Sarie)	"Clever, Huh?"	Unfinished	To be rich	Poor house	Money on the brain
Shirley Smith (Smithie)	"W-e-l-l—?"	Charming	To live in Elmira	Working in Zoo	Monkey bite
Clement Tillman (Till)	"Gosh darn it"	Lanky	To own a steam yacht	Jitney driver	Indifference
Augusta Torp (Gussie)	"Oh Gee!"	Pouty	To be a doctress	Circus girl	Sprained trapeze
Elsie Turri (Ell)	"He never came"	Snappy	To meet sailors	Somewhere in France	Wounded pride
Arvin Tuttle (Menzo)	"Aw, listen Julia"	Stubby	To get rich quick	Chief of Police	A bad case of J. Las.
Wilma Vennink (Wilhelmina)	"Hello, kids"	Noisy ?	To conquer Caesar	Goat Island	Too much sleep
Roberta Wing (Bobbie)	"Oh, YES!"	Quiet	To speak Spanish	Havana	Talked herself to death
Arthur Wittke (Whisky)	"Class to her"	Entrancing	To fly	Aviator	Broken rudder
Aileen Beguhl (Leen)	"I should say"	Nice	To be a farmerette	Suffragette	Loss of cause
Arthur Garben (Garbage)	"HUH! ! !"	Odd	To keep a "steady"	Owner of a chicken ranch	Too much "dough"



# JUNIOR

## "THE FOREST OF KNOWLEDGE"

---

Every one knows that there is a vast amount to be learned from a forest. But, unless they have been through part of one under able guidance, they do not realize how much there really is. We, the Freshmen of 1915, had our dreams of the interior of that great forest of Knowledge and intended to explore a little. So fifty of us, rather frightened, gathered in a clearing near the beginning and elected leaders from among us. They were Dorothy Mackay, President; Amy Brady, Vice President; Howard Goosen, Secretary-Treasurer and Sylvester Cross to represent us in any meeting with others. With Mr. Mackay planning our expedition, some of us took one path of learning, some took another and some wandered into other forests leaving Armijo.

It was in the fall of 1916, we all met again to plan

our next trip still deeper into the forest. This time we elected Aileen Beguhl, as President; Ellard Williams, as Vice President. For another year we explored this new tract, meeting occasionally to have a frolic or to plan something.

The third fall found fewer of us gathered together once more, this time quite deep in the forest, to elect new leaders. Mary Phillips, our President, Howard Goosen, Vice President, and Chester Peterson, Secretary-Treasurer. Now we are nearly at the end of our third year and have covered a great deal of territory each in a different place.

We all dream about next year, when we will meet for the last time to form a glorious year, ahead in the tract of Armijo forest. May it be a year with a straight, gleaming path leading each one to his goal.

J. E. R.

# SOPHOMORE

"BY THE SOPHOMORE SPEEDOMETER"

---

In the fall of the year nineteen hundred and sixteen, we twenty-two bashful and frightened Freshmen, climbed into our big Nineteen-sixteen car starting for our Nineteen-twenty goal. Under the guiding hand of Chauffeur, Mr. Jones, who showed us the right path, we started out with great vigor and intent. We elected Charlotte Mayfield, President, Sterling Robinson, Vice President, and Albert Bransford Secretary-Treasurer. Our first stop was a reception given in our honor by the Seniors. We swung out again into the Freshmen road, after several punctures where we had to leave a few of our classmates behind.

We finally reached the end of our first quarter of our journey and rested up for several months.

This time, fully confident of ourselves, we started alone in a new Sophomore car. We elected new officers, which were Albert Bransford, President, Edward Bidstrup, Vice President, and Charlotte Mayfield, Secretary-Treasurer. At intervals we stopped and several of our members gave proof of their fine athletic qualities, for some are good at basket ball, others tennis and track practice. All together we are proud of our class, although small, and are looking forward to the day when we shall complete our ride through Armijo.

V. G.

# FRESHMEN

"FROM OUR BABY BOOK"

---

On the twenty-seventh of August, 1917, forty-three Freshmen, entered Armijo Union High School. Of course we were all green, (as the upper classmen always say) and were not familiar with the building. The other students were kind in showing us the different class rooms. It is expected that we were made fun of because all Freshmen have been made fun of during their first year of school. The first few days we were busy in finding out what subjects we had to take and becoming familiar with the building. In a few days we chose Ruth Tillman, President,

Clair Keene, Vice President, and Marion Rutherford, Secretary and Treasurer. On the twenty-first of September, 1917, the Seniors gave a Reception in our honor. We appreciated this because it made us feel more at home. We belong to the Student Body and are glad to belong to such an organization. We take great interest in the meetings and in the future years we are going to try to uphold the high standard of the Student Body and School by doing everything that will benefit it. We are at the end of one year's work, which passed quickly, jolly and prosperous.

R. A. T.



# LITERARY

## AN ENGLISHMAN VISITS THE "BUNCH"

"Say!" said Curly, gravely picking his teeth, one noon just after a satisfying meal, "did yuh ever hear tell of my wonderful cayuse? It's got its head where its tail ought to be."

"Aw, I s'y!" exclaimed the Englishman, the object of their many pranks, biting the bait as usual.

"Foller me," drawled Curly, leading the way to the barn.

"There's the hoss", he pointed dramatically to a horse's head sticking out of a stall. With wondering ejaculation, the Englishman tore into the stall. What he expected to find I know not, but with a gasp he murmured feebly, "Another of your beastly wheezes, don't cha know."

"That reminds me," said Chunky, meditatively. Then turning suddenly he pointed a finger at the Englishman and hissed, "Beware the Wumpus!"

"The what?" screamed the startled man.

"The Wumpus", reiterated Chunky.

"Oh, tell him about it", chorused the rest of the bunch.

"Well", thoughtfully squinting through the open door, "This here Wumpus looks like a half-frog, half-lobster,

and he's plumb loco over hair. Yes sir! He eats hair like a cannibal. Next time you go for the mail, yuh'd better take a piece of unraveled rope along just tuh fool the thing if he should attack yuh or yuh may be minus that there brain warmer o' yourn. Wal, as I was a-sayin, he has hind laigs on him like a frog and clippers in front like ol' gran'papa lobster so yuh want tuh hit the trail some when that there animal gets tuh doin' the sixty-per stunt, with them claws o' hisn ready for biz and a singin' his song like a sick sewing machine."

Chunky's story had made a deep impression on the Englishman's mind; so, on the following afternoon he rode majestically out of the corral with a bundle of bale rope attached to his saddle horn. All went well until within a half a mile of the ranch on his homeward journey. Then, hearing a small metallic click, he sat bold upright in the saddle and glanced fearfully around. Seeing a small cloud of dust behind him, he hurriedly threw the bale rope behind him and spurred the horse. The noise instead of now ceasing, seemed to gather in volume. Frantically seizing his knife, he slashed off the horse's mane, and thrust it behind him. Instead of seeming to assuage the fearful appetite of the ferocious beast, it only whetted it the more and the clicking grew into an ominous, angry roar,—

so the poor man thought. By a miracle he managed to turn and snip off the tail of the now thoroughly bewildered and frightened horse, but with no better results. As a last resort, he frenziedly sacrificed his beautiful, wavy locks but to no avail for the monster seemed not to have had enough. Utterly panic-stricken, he grasped the horse's neck and waited for the end, but at that moment the maddened animal tore through the midst of the "bunch", who were riding leisurely home for supper and who immediately waylaid the runaway. Taking the situation in at a glance and seconded by the sight of the shorn head of their friend, they burst into loud guffaws. Struggling with indignation and amazement, the Englishman angrily jumped up from where he had sat down to recuperate, when he heard the same clicking at his feet. Giving a yell, he hastily looked down and there lay a piece of iron which had caught in his spur and rattled when he moved. As the truth slowly dawned upon him, he mustered up what little dignity he had left and rode off, thinking bitterly of his departed, cherished mop of hair.

AMY BRADY, '19

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### THE SEXTON

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Old Matthew Conner, the sexton, stepped out of the rain into the vestibule of the church, which he had attended for more than sixty years. But before going inside, he carefully closed his umbrella; for though he often declared that he was'nt "a mite superstitious, jest the same"——.

He took off his hat and placed it on the nail, which he had driven there forty years before, when he took up the duties of sexton. Next he carefully and slowly adjusted a large pair of rimmed spectacles before his mild, blue eyes;

which habitually looked out upon the world with an innocent and I-wonder-what-to-expect-next expression. His tall, lanky figure was a little stooped from rheumatism, which occasionally caused his face to screw up and his spectacles to slip on his long, lean, Yankee nose. The top of his head, outlined by rings of straggly grey hair, had the same soft pinkiness as his cheeks, which, it is said, is only common to nice old men and nice young babies. His scanty, drooping moustache fully corresponded in moth-eaten appearance to his grey hair. The yellowish, celluloid collar and black bow-tie could have been taken from the men's fashionplate of our grandfathers. His old-fashioned suit with its brass buttons was an example of the sexton's idea, that "anything was as good as new 'til it was clear wore out."

Glancing down he made sure that his silk handkerchief had just the corner showing. When he reached home it would be carefully folded and laid in the top bureau drawer until the next Sunday morning. Drawing out a heavy, ponderous watch, with the tick of an alarm clock, he held it in his hand until a second of half past ten. Then at exactly the stroke of half past, he rang the bell;—three long pulls and two short ones, just as he had done every Sunday for forty years.

Turning to the window old Matthew stood gazing at a weather-beaten tomb stone in the church yard. Through the rain the name could not be seen, but Matthew knew it well. "James Arnold Conner, age sixteen years. Beloved brother of Matthew Conner." He sat down heavily and reaching to his hip pocket, took out a handkerchief and wiped the tell-tale mist from his glasses. Then opening his testament, he read in a choking and almost inaudible voice, "The Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away. Blessed be the name of the Lord."

DOROTHY MACKAY, '18.

## AN AERIAL COLLISION

"Hello, George, old boy! How's 'The Bird' and yourself today?" was the greeting which George received as he entered the Aviators' Club.

"Well, I'm pretty rattled and 'The Bird' is minus a feather," answered George not very calmly.

"How so? Tell us all about it! What happened?" came in a chorus from the assembled aviators.

"I'll tell you about it if I can. I'm still excited. You see when I saw that black speck coming——". He stopped and brushed his hand across his eyes in a dazed way.

"Black speck! Yes, go on," encouraged one of the boys. They all knew that George was worth listening to when he chose to talk.

"Oh, yes, I was telling you about my collision, wasn't I?" with a start of nervousness.

"A collision?" eagerly.

"Yes", and he gave himself a shake to pull himself together. "A collision; I never saw such a bird. I guess Harry and I were up about one thousand feet or so when suddenly I saw this bird. Harry says it was a buzzard, but I——"

"A buzzard! That's nothing new. I saw three big ones yesterday," announced another of the boys not yet getting the "drift" of George's talk.

"Well, as I say, we were going along at a fast clip when this big thing loomed up ahead of me. It looked like another plane, it was so big. From the glimpse I got, it must have been over six feet from tip to tip. It was so close when I saw what it was, and I was going so fast that it was too late to get out of the way completely. I jerked at the wheel and the plane swerved sideways. But that bird did too. It must have been afraid or something. Wish

I had had a gun and then—— anyway it flew into my propeller, as luck would have it, and broke the blade.

"You ought to have heard the noise when we bumped and the whir of the wind when the blade broke. The blade went 'somewhere' just as fast as it could go. Harry says that the bird must have been killed for it went straight down about sixty miles an hour."

"Must've been awfully heavy!"

"I kind of think it was from the force it landed against us. As for me, I soon had enough to do with 'The Bird'. I heard Harry mutter, 'Now, we're in for it,' and saw him grit his teeth and hang on with both hands. Have you ever ridden a bucking broncho or been on a ship in a particularly rough sea? Well, add the actions of those two together and multiply by as many more as you can think of and you might possibly get a slight idea of the way that machine acted. I thought it was having a fit. There was a strong wind and we looped-the-loop and a good many things no one has discovered. It turned around one way and then the other and all the time it was coasting towards the ground pretty fast. Harry and I were pretty seasick. But I finally got control enough to steer it, though the engine wanted to see what would happen if it jumped out."

"It sure must have been exciting," commented an interested listener. "What did you think?"

"Think! Ask me what I didn't think and maybe I can answer you. Well, I wondered if my end was near, if I was day-dreaming, or just having a nightmare. But it was too real for that. I remembered that I pinched my brother in church so that he screamed out loud; that once I ran away and got a licking when I came back. I guess I remembered everything I ever did. Well, it didn't take us long to get down and luckily we landed in a meadow. It was a miracle and I don't see any good reason why I'm still alive. Pinch me, somebody. Maybe I'm a ghost. You



wouldn't think one blade would make such a difference, but it did in capital letters. I'm glad it's over with. I can repair the machine and I guess Harry and I can repair our shattered nerves with a little sleep. Goodbye, I'm off for bed."

"Goodbye! Good luck!" shouted one and all as he left the club.

There was a great deal of talk over the near accident and it called forth many jokes at George's expense for a long while after.

EDNA RINSET, '19.

#### OVER THE TOP FOR UNCLE SAM

The soldiers stood at "Attention!" all ready to go "Over There".

'Neath waving flags and encouraging shouts they stood with a martial air.

"We're going over with Uncle Sam!" they shouted cheerfully,

"For it's up to us to do and dare for the rights of Democracy."

When the order came to embark, the General took his place,

And headed the line, while orders came of "Attention!" and "Front—face!"

"It's a long way to Berlin!" some one shouted, as they stepped into the ship,

"But we'll get there, don't worry; It won't be a worthless trip!"

Sweethearts kissed and softly whispered, "Au revoir, but not goodbye;"

Mother said they'd "Keep home fires burning till Johnny comes marching by."

"Send me away with a smile, little girl," a soldier boy whispered low,

"I may be gone for a long, long time, or a little while;—but we don't know."

"We're going to take the sword away from William, and after the war is o'er,

We'll return to America, land of the free,—away from the cannon's roar."

"So long, mother", Long Boy said, as he kissed the old, worn face,

"Somewhere in France is Daddy, and there, too, is my place."

"America, here's my boy!" each mother's voice rang true, 'If I had a son for each star in Old Glory, I'd give each one to you."

As the ship prepared to sail, from the shore there came a plea:

"Uncle Sam, O, Uncle Sam, give back my daddy to me."

The ship swung from the port, and a shout rose from its rail:

"Where do we go from here, boys?" and the answer, "To the long, long trail."

"Goodbye! good luck! God bless you!" cried the people on the shore,

As the ship sailed swiftly onward—to the country filled with war—

Bearing husbands, sweethearts, brothers—all a country's honored own—

Every soldier there a patriot—each Laddie Boy, mother's liberty loan.

And when in France each soldier boy will shout as he reaches the line:

"Just as Washington crossed the Delaware, General Pershing will cross the Rhine.

M. P., '19

## ANGELS OF THE BATTLEFIELDS

A hundred or more weary figures trod along a war-ravaged section of northwestern France. They were the remnants of a retreating army,—defeated the day before by German forces. Hunger was in every man's face; and weariness in every man's body, a dogged insistence in every man's down-bent head. Had any of these men glanced upward he might have seen something circling closer and closer—an evil something that paused an instant and then lurched away.

But the pause was long enough for danger—for something was spinning down through the air at a tremendous rate. It had been dropped from the aeroplane—that evil thing which had circled above the soldiers. Directly into the midst of that line of soldiers it fell, and then——

Whirr! Crash!——

A shudder passed through the line as the bomb burst. The air was filled with deadly missiles and smoke. Then the smoke cleared away. There on the ground lay a hundred or more dead and dying soldiers. Already the life-blood of the fallen was staining the ground a dull red.

Jack Dartmouth opened his eyes and stared vacantly before him. He tried to think, but his brain was in a whirl. He felt faint and dizzy. At last he managed to grasp memory. Where was he? What had happened?

He tried to move, and a sharp pain started from his side and shot through his body. His hand went swiftly to his side; then drew back as if it felt blood flowing from a wound. Then he knew what had happened.

For a long while he did not move, but at last he felt as if he must look for his comrades. Slowly—slowly—slowly—he lifted himself on his elbow and looked around. The scene which met his eyes made him feel weaker and weaker. Lying, scattered on all sides, were his comrades.

Some, who were slightly hurt, were moving hesitatingly about; others were lying motionless except for breathing; others were writhing with the pain of their wounds; and others lay silent and cold.

Jack gasped and fell back. "God!" he moaned. He lay still; staring up at the sky, an agonized look on his face as he felt, now and then, sharp pains at his side and through his body. He groaned with pain. "Oh,—my—God! Why are we left here to die—and those Germans—free to live? Oh—why?"

"Water!" a voice nearby cried. "Water, I am dying!"

"Water—water—water!" The living took up the cry.

Jack heard it and understood. "Water!" he called through parched lips. "Water, for God's sake—water!"

Suddenly he heard a noise in the distance. It came closer and closer, growing louder all the while. Could it be Germans coming again? Oh, if they were coming to kill those people, why didn't they hurry? It was awful to lie there in agony and suspense. The noise grew louder; there was a roaring sound in his ears; then a blissful darkness.

Jack stirred. Indistinctly he heard voices which now seemed to come from a long, uncertain distance. They were women's voices, soft and gentle. Faintly he heard one voice which seemed familiar. In an instant his thoughts were transported. He saw again a little house and garden in California. He saw his mother's face, proud, yet tearful. He saw his father,—could almost feel the proud caress of his hand on their parting day. But suddenly, the face of a girl stood among these. He could see her, could almost touch her. Then a voice brought him back again. "Bandage his side and his head!"

He opened his eyes and saw a woman before him; but what caught his eyes was the red cross cap and dress.

"Angels of the battlefields!" he exclaimed.

The nurse smiled, and, easing his bandages, left him to go to other wounded soldiers.

Jack could not stay long without moving. So he began to lift himself slowly and painfully on his elbow. The scene upon which he now looked was vastly changed. He saw Red Cross nurses, there must have been a dozen, lifting water to the lips of the soldiers, trying to revive the dying, bandaging wound after wound.

"Angels of the battlefields," he said, scarcely realizing that he spoke aloud. But the soldiers nearby heard him and in an instant they took up the cry, "Angels of the battlefields! Angels of the battlefields!"

Jack lay back again, still hearing the words. Yes, they were "Angels of the battlefields," these nurses who came to aid the soldiers in those last hours of need. He closed his eyes with a sigh of content. Then in the midst of his visions of red crosses, he saw a girl's face. Then from his lips came the name which he had carried in his heart and mind and which had been on his lips. "Mollie!" He repeated it over and over again, hardly realizing that he was doing so.

A faint startled cry near him caused Jack to start from his reverie. He opened his eyes. Someone was bending over him—someone in the garb of a Red Cross nurse. Her hands caught his an instant, and released them as she adjusted his bandages. He felt her touch his arm which hurt from the wound and made him groan. He turned his head and gazed directly into a pair of large blue eyes.

"Mollie," he gasped. "Mollie!"

With his good right arm he sought for her, but she had quickly gone. Then he was slowly lifted up and borne away.

The lamps in the ward of a temporary Red Cross hospital were burning low. Now and then a softly-stepping nurse passed along among the cots. Now and then a sol-

dier's voice called out a welcome to some "angel of the battlefield" as she paused to attend to him. Jack lay motionless in his bed. His eyes were open, staring sightlessly at the ceiling. He was breathing quickly and brokenly, while from his lips broke the name, "Mollie," over and over again. He did not hear the soft footsteps drawing near; he did not see a slight girl pause at his bedside. He did not know of the presence of anyone until he felt two hands resting on his forehead. He started and turned to look at the nurse. Then his body grew tense.

"Mollie," he said in low, even tones, "is it you, or is it only a dream? Oh, tell me!"

She moved only to kneel beside him and then murmured, "It is I, Jack."

His right hand reached out and he caught her to him.

"Mollie," he breathed, again and again. "My little 'angel of the battlefield!'"

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### MORNING IN THE VALLEY

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In the valley, bird life awoke early. From the cleverly hidden nests in tangled bowers of vines and leaves, at first only a few cautious cheeps sounded. Then, as the first bright rays of sunlight crept over the tree tops and fell on the sweet, dewy grass blades, a perfect shower of song burst from the throats of myriads of birds, as they took their first stretching of wings by flying out and shaking themselves. Flying from tree to tree, lighting on fresh, bright flowers, or dashing through the cool, damp marsh grass, they gave vent to their joy. Suddenly, warned by the warming sunshine, they seemed to awake to the knowledge that there was work to do, for, taking a few last rushes to and fro, they whirled away to the duties of providing for the young.

NELLIE BRYAN, '19



## THE WISEMAN'S CLUB

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The first member of our club whom I will describe, is John Doe, Esquire, who is set apart from the others because of his good quality in leading men. His father was the inventor of the patent medicine, "A Good Cure for Sore Eyes in "Potatoes." It is largely on the reputation of his father that he lives, although he has a small amount of money which he can use in case of necessity. All the people, who are fortunate in knowing this gentleman, are well acquainted with his habits and customs, many wanting to converse with him whenever there is an opportunity; for he is well versed in anything that is of interest to the general public. Although he always has a serious look about him, he is very humorous, which, however, creates him no enemies, for he says nothing with sourness. He is very pleasing in his talk, generally winning people over to his side. I recall one night at the club when he convinced all the members but myself that his theory (one of the most absurd theories ever brought up by him) was true. He tried, by experiment, to show us that the eyes of a potato had the power to shed tears. After discussing it for over an hour, he procured a potato and an onion from a nearby vegetable stand. The onion which he proceeded to cut into small pieces, was a large red one and very strong. After he had cut it, he rubbed it thoroughly over the potato, being sure that the juice went into the potato's eyes. After a few minutes, he rubbed off the onion, dried the potato carefully and then held it up before us and told us to watch closely. Everyone strained his eyes to look at it. Presently water formed at each of the eyes of the potato. This convinced them all, but I had noticed that his hand had tightened considerably when he was holding the potato before us,

thereby squeezing out the juice which had collected in the potato's eyes. I saw that the onlookers were all satisfied so I said nothing then, but when I spoke afterwards he jocosely remarked, "Well, I had to convince them in some manner." Although he is in his late fifties, he is very spry, often playing ball with the young children; or going on long walks. I must not omit that he is a member of the grand jury, and also a good church-goer, occupying the same pew every Sunday.

Another of our club is Jim Brown, an old bachelor from one of our large ranches east of town. He is very wealthy and well-informed in agricultural lines. Upon inquiring about his former life, I found that his mother had died when he was six years old; that his father had come west in the early fifties, and instead of going to the mines, had taken up a large ranch. Jim lived with his father on the ranch, seeing little of civilization. He gives this as an explanation of why he has remained a bachelor. In our discussions at the club he listens intently, rarely expressing his opinion, but as soon as the conversation turns to agricultural lines, he talks enough to make up for his time of quietness. I have seen him sit looking at passing automobiles for hours, and when I once asked him why he was so interested in the traffic, he replied, "By gum those gas-wagons might be all right, but I don't understand them;—the horse and buggy for me, the rest of my days." He is just like all of the old-timers, saying that things which satisfied them in their younger days will satisfy them the rest of their days.

We also have in our club a young merchant of great prominence about the town, who is very industrious, strong of reason, and greatly experienced. He knows all the modern ways of trade and transactions, and refers to this gen-

eration as a money-loving one. He is always giving advice to those that ask for his opinion on different transactions, constantly warning his friends against doing business with persons they have never seen before, or who have not presented good credentials. He also says that the people should be on their guard for these persons whom they do not really know as there are plenty of such people in our towns and cities. He has made his own wealth by his own methods, so it is wise to follow his advice.

We also have in our club an old army veteran. He is tall and stout, and walks with a good military posture. He takes great care of his clothes which are very plain, detesting every speck of dust when he brushes them. His shoes also have a high polish. On his breast he wears a gold medal of which he is very proud. This, he says, is his best remembrance of President Lincoln, since it was presented to him by Lincoln in person. He is very fond of telling war stories, which he makes very interesting by relating his personal experiences, and his clear descriptions of the greatest generals of the Civil War are interesting also. He is very fond of children, being looked on as a friend by all that live in his vicinity. On hot summer afternoons, he can be seen leading a long string of them into the ice-cream parlor, where he treats the lot of them.

The other members of our club, who range from artists to loafers, have demanded that I write nothing about their personal traits, threatening to bring a law-suit against me if I do. I will say this much though, that they are all as interesting as those described above, each having an outstanding characteristic which no other in the club can claim. Although I would like to say more about them, the idea of serving a few years in a padded cell does not appeal to my sense of humor.

ARTHUR WITTKE, '18.

## A YEOMANETTE

I'll write a little poem,  
Which I hope you all will "get",  
It's all about the actions  
Of a sweet young yeomanette.

When war broke out this fair young maid,  
Tossed up her head with pride,  
Marched forth to sign with Uncle Sam  
That on his ships she'd ride.

They gave to her a dark blue suit,  
A hat quite white and small,  
In these you know she looked quite cute,  
But really that's not all.

You know that now she stands so straight  
And holds her head so high,  
She never---never stays up late,  
And says "ahoy!" and "aye!"

But when the ship sailed out to sea,  
Poor child clung to the rail,  
The ship she thought was on a "spree"  
And loudly did she wail.

The captain of the ship was kind  
To this poor yeomanette,  
He told her tales of fearsome things,  
And fed her oysterettes.

But now she's up and doesn't mind,  
And says that this is true  
That 'til they anchor on the Rhine,  
She'll stick to the Red, White and Blue.

ROBERTA WING '18.

### MIDNIGHT

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(It was forty below zero in the shade),  
We were coming over the Napa grade,  
And were well on our way  
With Garben in his Chevrolet.  
There was Clayton and Jimmy and Bailey and I,  
So cold we were almost ready to die,  
All bundled up in our coats in a heap,  
Heartily trying to go to sleep.  
Our left hand headlight then went out,  
And the darkness closed in from all about.  
And Garben (he was surely mad),  
Put on all the speed he had.  
We went through gulleys, ruts and valleys,  
Thru ditches and canyons and alleys.  
The Garben muttered, cross and low,  
"We're lost—I don't know where to go."  
The road was around a mountain side,  
(Oh, but that was an awful ride),  
With bumps and twists and steep ravine,  
With slips and jolts and skids between.  
We skidded to the edge of a deep, dark place,  
And there I saw Death's grinning face,  
Who called to me as we went past,  
"Come on, old boy, I've got you at last."  
We hit a bump or something like that,  
(And just then Clayton lost his hat.)  
While I rose swiftly in the air,  
And bumped my head on something there.  
However funny it may seem to be,  
I now started to study astronomy.  
I first saw the moon all silvery and bright,  
Rolling about thru the black, cold night,  
Gritting his teeth there in his wrath,

And chasing the other stars out of his path.  
Then next old Mars came across my sight,  
Making faces with all his might.  
And Jupiter and Apollo in a blood red patch,  
Were having a ten-round boxing match.  
While Venus at the edge of a brink,  
From the big dipper was taking a drink.  
Then Garben calmly said once more,  
"I never saw this road before."  
The rocks and trees and pebbles and bumps,  
And the darkness hanging in great big lumps,  
The hooting of an owl somewhere in the distance  
Seemed to make our very existence  
A ghostly, ghastly affair.  
Then gently thru the midnight air,  
A murmuring voice was heard once more,  
"I never saw this road before."  
And then, when we were almost dead,  
We saw a sign ahead which said,  
"Napa only fourteen miles."  
(Say, you could almost hear the smiles)  
If anyone should ask me if I was afraid,  
When we came over the Napa grade,  
I would almost surely shout,  
"Afraid! there was nothing to be afraid about!"

R. P., '19

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### MY SMALL SACRIFICE

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As I sit before the fire alone in a quiet room, my  
thoughts are running at an unnatural pace. Though sur-  
rounded by absolute peace and quiet, I can hear nothing  
but the cannon's roar nor see anything but companies of



khaki-clad boys scrambling over the sand-bags, stumbling, lurching forward in their mad dash across No Man's Land. In this groupe of men I see a familiar face, hardly recognizable because of the change which has come over it from a year in the trenches. It is my brother, Jack, still vibrant with boyish impetuosity. I see him stumble and fall half way across, only to be lifted into the shelter of a shellhole by a comrade. Next I see him carried on a stretcher by attendants garbed in white with the blazing cross of red on their arm-bands. If only I might be there to help ease his pain, to encourage him through his sickness and suffering, to make him fit to go on and do his part. I should be partially satisfied to even encourage anyone in the same condition as my brother and give them the same aid.

But this is only the musing of an idle girl's brain. Since I cannot go, myself, I can still do a few little things that reveal these to others in my position.

As I sit down to a meal in our pleasant home, lonely now since Jack has gone, I feel almost like fasting, depriving myself of a little so that those, who are laboring almost beyond human endurance on half enough nourishment, may be fed more; may return as they left—perfect men. We do send them some of what we save; but it seems so little in comparison to their sacrifice.

In other ways I try to do my part: knitting pieces of clothing to protect the soldiers from the severe weather; helping the Red Cross in sewing for the boys confined in the War Hospitals; and giving money to institutions to improve the conditions of our boys and keep them in possession of defense materials necessary to their welfare.

All these combined are very small in comparison to what those boys have given up—their homes, friends and even lives, if need it be,—in the struggle for us.

AILEEN BEGUHL, '18.

## EDGAR'S FATHER

The boys had gathered in Edgar's room. Their studies were prepared for the next day and, as was their custom, they were discussing the preparations for the coming game. Everything was ready. The boys were in splendid trim, the field was excellent, and all of the small details were arranged to their satisfaction.

No one had spoken for several minutes. Each was viewing the situation from his own standpoint without realizing the fact that he was testing the saying that true friends can be in each other's company for half an hour without anyone being bored.

Suddenly the tranquility was broken. Max St. Clair rolled over and over on the floor convulsed with laughter.

"Have mercy on us, Max: Tell us the joke, so we can laugh too," begged one of the boys.

"Well, boys," said Max, sitting up and trying to compose himself, "I saw the queerest creature to-day that was ever called a man. He was a dwarf, with spindle legs and long arms. He was so stoop-shouldered that his chest almost sank out of sight. He was just leaving the dormitory when I saw him."

"He wished to enter the college, most likely laughed one."

"Or, perhaps he thought he might coach our athletics," scoffed another, at which a general laugh went around, with one exception.

"Boys, that will do!" It was Edgar who spoke. "Perhaps the little old gentleman did look queer to you, but never laugh at those who are less fortunate than you. That man is my father, boys, and his heart is sure in the right place."

Every boy was at attention.

"Tell us about him, Ed," they begged.

After what had happened, Edgar was not averse to tell-

ing the boys, so when he had gazed out of the window a few minutes, he began:

"Grandfather Metcalf was a very eccentric old gentleman and, like most eccentric people, he had a hobby. His great desire was to invent a pipe organ. He grew to be a source of annoyance to all who knew him for that was all he could talk about. Everything he saw had something about it that he thought he could use. Then he would go home, fix it up, and get father, who was then a small boy, to pump it for him. Grandfather did not intend to be selfish. He was merely thoughtless.

"Day after day, when father should have been at school, he was pumping that old organ. He grew stooped-shouldered and became dwarfed. As time went on he grew to despise his father.

"This organ is now standing in one of the largest churches in one of our great cities; so you see, from one point of view it was a success, but from father's standpoint it was a miserable failure.

"Father refused to accept any of the returns from the invention, saying that he would have nothing to do with ill-gotten gains.

He has worked all his life with those ill-shaped hands, stooped shoulders, and spindly legs but he has educated his boy and, what is more, his boy appreciates it. I am proud of my poor old deformed father, and I believe you will agree with me that his heart is in the right place."

After Edgar had finished, the boys were speechless for a minute or two. Then, Max got up off the floor and gave Edgar his hand saying, "I beg your father's pardon for my part in this. I have learned a lesson I shall not soon forget." Turning to the boys he added, "This is the sentiment of all of us, isn't it, boys?"

"Indeed it is," came the chorus. "Three cheers for Edgar's father."

Nonine Randall, '20.

## OUR LITTLE BIT

'Pears like there ain't to be no peace,  
'Cuz every day the papers tell,  
As how they're fightin' in No Man's Land,  
And a killin' with shot and shell.

And it hurts some, when I think of war—  
And I've been a soldier, too—  
But when some of yours are fightin',  
It can't help hurtin' you.

Ma and me, we're all alone now,  
And it don't seem half the same  
Since the children left our cottage,  
To take part in that big game.

Jim went with the first big load,  
And now he's under the sod;  
And Ma and me ain't hesitatin',  
To pray for him to God.

Jack went, too; and he just wrote  
He's hurt by a German shell;  
And he says as how the Germans there  
Have made Europe a livin' hell.

Jake's there, too; and he wrote to say  
They've give him a Victoria Cross,  
'Cuz he was brave and saved some lives;  
And now he's a lieutenant-boss.

And Ted, our youngest fellow,  
Wasn't late to take his stand;  
He's killed a bunch of Germans,  
And the General's shook his hand.

And 'Liza Ann, our only girl,  
Joined a Red Cross regiment,  
And she's workin' away and helpin'  
Lots of fellows we have sent.

Ma and me,——we ain't complainin',  
We're proud of one and all;  
And we're buyin' bonds from Uncle Sam,  
To help make William fall.

M. P. '19

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#### A SOLDIER'S GRANDFATHER

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Leaning on the gate in front of a little white cottage, was an old white-haired man. His attitude depicted sorrow; for he was watching the retreating form of a young man, going away to be a soldier. The old man was dressed in an old, faded Civil War uniform of blue, which now hung on his withered, stooped frame like clothes on a scare-crow. He held his old, tattered hat in one hand, while with the other, he vainly tried to wipe away the tears which now streamed from his kind, gray eyes, and rained down over his withered cheeks and long white beard. But although the expression was mostly that of sorrow, still pride shown in the way he flung back his head, smoothed his uniform and tried to square his stooped shoulders.

Presently he turned and caught sight of the beautiful flag proudly floating from the porch. He quaveringly drew himself to "Attention," raised his rough, work-hardened right hand, and saluted the colors, while he began to sing in a cracked voice,

"Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's early light,  
What so proudly we hailed——"

NELLIE BRYAN, '19.

#### AT THE END OF THE DESERT TRAIL

---

I was lost! The little trail which I had been following had gradually dwindled away, leaving only the vast expanse of desert.

The sun, alone in a cloudless sky, shown down pitilessly. The burning sand was everywhere, with cactus all around. The heat arose in shimmering waves, and all was still as death. Then, far across the boundless waste there arose and moved a speck. It arose, struggled, staggered, and fell, only to rise again. Could that be a man on this dreary waste, alone and out so far? Through the deathly silence broke a cry of agony. I ran through the cactus, sand and heat. When lo! before my startled eyes a lion came and went. Then, as suddenly, the man was gone. I knew not what to do. I staggered on through the glittering sand, and cast my eyes on high; and there buzzards flew in great, wide dizzying circles.

TEN

I felt my time had come, in that awful land of heat, and stumbling on a cactus, I fell and lay——in stillness.

RALEIGH PEABODY, '19

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#### REMARKABLE

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Miss Mable

Sat on a table,

Down by the bay,

A Sergeant spied her,

And sat down beside her,

And they sat there the rest of the day.



## TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL COMMENCEMENT

Thursday evening, June 7, 1917

Since La Mezclah goes to press a month before the termination of the school year, of course it is impossible for the editor to write up the details of the Commencement Exercises of this year, 1918. The following program was given last year, June 7, 1917, and we know that this year's program under the direction of our Principal, Mr. Mackay, will be as interesting.

### COMMENCEMENT PROGRAM

1917

1. Priest's March Mendelssohn  
MISS HEDWIG BALLASEYUS
2. Invocation  
REV. F. M. WASHBURN
3. Vocal Solo (a) "The Sunshine of Your Smile" Ray  
(b) "At Dawning" Cadman  
MISS CLEETIS BURRELL
4. Three Minute Talk "America and the War"  
ERNEST CROWLEY
5. Piano Solo Selected  
MISS CONSTANCE MERING

6. Three Minute Talk "Physical Training in the High School"

MISS PHYLLIS WHITBY

7. Vocal Solo, "To be Sung on the Water" Schubert  
MRS. J. PAUL MILLER

8. Occasional Address  
HON. FRANK MCGOWAN, SAN FRANCISCO

9. Violin Solo (a) "Berceuse" Jocelyn-Godard  
(b) Selected  
MR. J. PAUL MILLER

10. Three Minute Talk "The Attitude of the High School on the War"  
DORMAN DOWNING

11. Vocal Solo (a) "Song of the Toreador" Carmen  
(b) "Gypsy Love Song" Fortune Teller  
W. VAN DER HOOGT  
MRS. SPARKS, accompanist

12. Remarks  
PRINCIPAL W. M. MACKAY

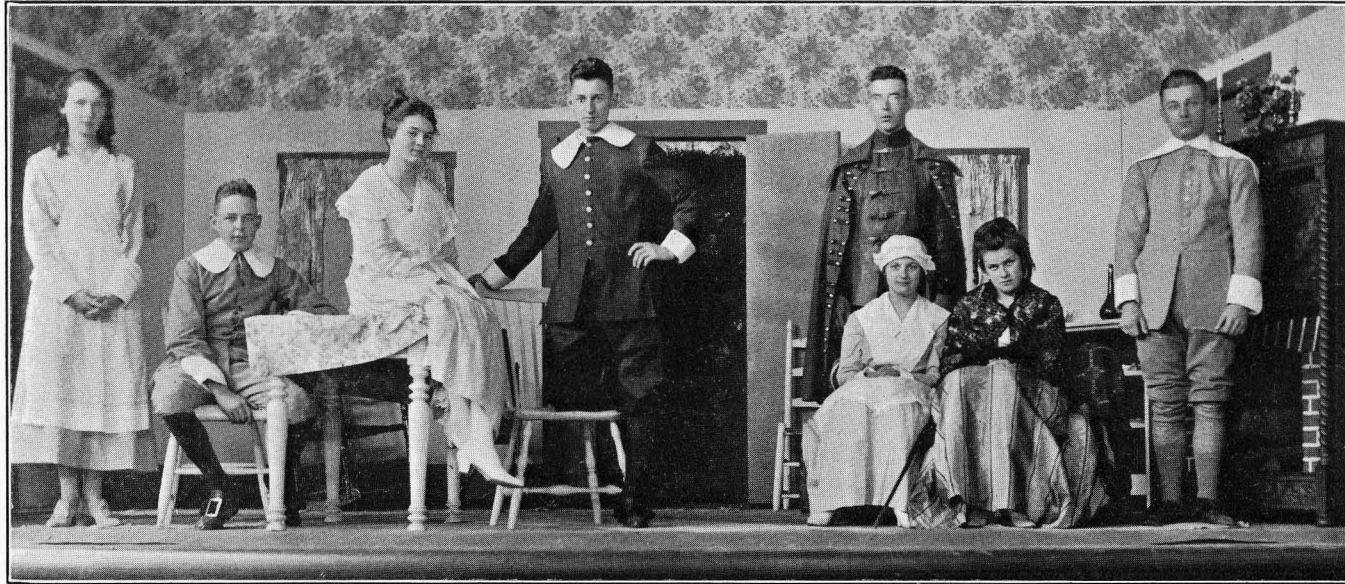
13. Presentation of Diplomas  
PRESIDENT S. R. BARNETT

14. Reception in Gymnasium  
GRADUATING CLASS

## DRAMATICS

Because of so many war activities, dramatics has played a rather unimportant part in the school life this year. Still it has not been altogether neglected. On February 8, 1918, the Student Body presented "A Rose 'O Plymouth Town," in the High School Auditorium for the benefit of the Suisun-Fairfield Chapter of the Red Cross. The effort was most successful, \$216 being realized for the

organization. During the intermission between the third and fourth acts a patriotic address was delivered by Mr. F. M. Dickey. At the close of his speech, the Service Flag of the Armijo Union High School was formally dedicated. The flag was presented by Miss Helen Haines, an alumnus, and Miss Jewel Roberts, a student, each of whom have two brothers in the service.



OLIVIA HOYT   LESLIE GORDON   DOROTHY MACKAY   AMASA MORSE   CLEMENT TILLMAN  
ISABEL COMPHEL   LILLIAN MORTENSEN   JULIAN MORRISON

## A ROSE O' PLYMOUTH TOWN

### "Dramatis Personae"

Miles Standish, Captain of Plymouth.....Clement Tillman  
Garret Foster of Weston's Men.....Julian Morrison  
John Margeson, of the Plymouth colonists, Amasa Morse  
Philippe de la Noye.....Leslie Gordon  
Miriam Chillingsley, cousin to the Captain....Olivia Hoyt  
Barbara Standish, Wife of the Captain....Isabel Compbel  
Resolute Story, aunt to the Captain....Lillian Mortensen  
Rose de la Noye.....Dorothy Mackay

Place: Plymouth in New England

Act 1 An Early Morning in August.....Stolen Fruit  
Act 11 An Afternoon in October.....A Maid's Toys  
Act 111 A Night in March...The Red Light on the Snow  
Act 1V The Next Afternoon.....The Better Man

### THE STORY

A young French maiden, Rose de la Noye, lived with Captain and Mistress Standish in old Plymouth. Miriam Chillingsley, a model Puritan maid and Mistress Story were also of the Captain's household. John Margeson in love with Rose, and Philippe de la Noye, the shy brother of Rose, who greatly admired Miriam were young men of the settlement. Although Philippe was in love with Miriam, she rested all her affections on John, while Rose was an independent and carefree lass, not caring for one more than another. Into this mixed situation Garret Foster entered or rather jumped, for he came in through a window, with an armful of stolen corn. Here he found Rose setting the table and told her that he would be flogged if he were caught with the corn. Rose, out of sympathy tried to hide him but Captain Standish discovered Garret

and the corn. The Captain yielded however to Rose's pleading and Garret escaped the flogging.

On an October afternoon two months later Miriam was found still indifferent to Philippe, while Philippe was still admiring her without the courage to speak his mind. Aunt Resolute was providing fun and laughter for everyone. John and Garret had become very jealous of each other on account of Rose. One thing and another finally lead to a duel between them in which Philippe was accidentally wounded. Captain Standish banishes Garret from the colony for starting the quarrel.

At mid-night on a cold and bitter night in the following March the Captain and Philippe returned from an expedition to Manomet, on which John had not gone. Philippe at last took courage and proposed to Miriam. To his surprise and joy she accepted him. They were interrupted by Rose and Mistress Standish, who read Rose a letter from Garret, which Philippe had brought. Garret thinking Rose cared for John, wished her happiness in her marriage to him, which he said he had heard would soon take place. Rose was terribly hurt by the letter, so although she really cared for Garret, she accepted John's proposal of marriage. John had hardly left with her promise, when Garret staggered into the room in an exhausted condition with the warning of "Indians."

John had Rose's promise, which she could not break until she proved that he had spoken false. The next day the Indians attacked the settlement and Garret, alone, held a break in the stockade. He was mistaken however for John, on account of a red coat he was wearing. John accepted the honor of holding the breach, and Garret, for Rose's happiness said nothing. But Rose discovers the truth and so proved that John spoke false. So the story ended as all good stories should with John banished and Miriam and Philippe, and Rose and Garret happily united.



## THE SENIOR PLAY

The School Book goes to press before the Senior play is given. However the play of "Milestones" has been chosen and practise begun.

### The Cast

John Rhead.....	Clement Tillman
Gertrude Rhead.....	Julia LaShelle
Mrs. Rhead.....	Augusta Torp
Samuel Sibley.....	James McCoe
Rose Sibley.....	Alice Connelly
Ned Pym.....	Arthur Garbin
Emily Rhead.....	Roberta Wing
Arthur Peece.....	Shirley Smith
Nancy Sibley.....	Aileen Ridenhour
Lord Monkhurst.....	Clayton Sarasin
The Honorable Muriel Pym.....	Beatrice Bransford

Richard Sibley.....	Arvin Tuttle
Thompson.....	Amasa Morsee
Webster.....	Arthur Wittke

The scene is laid throughout in the drawing-room of a house in Kensington Gore

The First Act is in 1860; the Second Act in 1885; and the Third Act in 1912.

The theme is the progression of the different generations, which are always coming up. The interest is centered about the building of ships. The younger generation wants to replace iron ships for wooden ones and they are laughed at by the older people. Then another generation grows up with the idea of building steel ships. In this way the progression and the different ideas of each new generation are shown.



# SOCIETY

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## THE FRESHMAN RECEPTION

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A few weeks after school had taken up, the Seniors gave the Freshmen a reception. This was the one big event of the year because after that we had become more fully awakened to the fact that we were in war. The following program took place from eight o'clock in the evening until nine-thirty:

1. Welcominb Speech.....James McCoe
2. Reply..... Ruth Tillman
3. Song, "A Long, Long Trail," Girls Chorus  
Misses LaShellé, Connelly, Bransford, Compel,  
Mortensen, Ridenhour, Vennink, Wing, Torp.
4. "Do your bit in the Armijo Student Body"  
Mary Phillips
5. Athletics.....Albert Bransford
6. Song, "Can't Yo' Heah Me Callin' Caroline?"  
Miss C. Tucker
7. Remarks, Mr. Spaeth

After the short program, we invited all to come into the Assembly Hall, where the seats had been cleared for dancing. We had wanted to have as few expenses as possible, so instead of engaging music, as other classes have

done, we took school "talent". Out of all the girls we obtained about ten players, (and we must not forget to mention that these ten performers were assisted by Miss Mario Boss and that three of the ten were Freshmen). All seemed to enjoy themselves more than ever before. Punch was served in Mr. Mackay's room. Games entertained those who did not care to dance. A little before twelve, the dancing broke up, and all went home remarking what an enjoyable, jolly evening the Freshmen Reception was.

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## OTHER SOCIAL EVENTS

On October 19, when the Rio Vista boys played Armijo's basket ball team, a committee of girls, directed by Miss Genevieve McGinnis, gave the boys a luncheon after the game. It was served in the large sewing room, with the tables decorated in Armijo's "purple and gold".

After the girls' and boys' basket ball games with Dixon on October 26, a luncheon and dance was held for the teams. At the luncheon, the toastmaster, Mr. Tuttle, called on the teachers and officials from Dixon and Armijo for speeches. This little luncheon helped to bring the schools closer together and to create a spirit of good-fellowship.



## STUDENT BODY



## GIRLS' BASKET BALL

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This year brought great honors to the Girls' Basket Ball Team of Armijo. We are now the proud, and we sincerely hope, deserving, winners of the handsome silver Trophy Cup, given by the S. C. A. L.. This beautiful cup is the result of hard and often discouraging years of practice. We owe a great deal of thanks to our loyal coach, Miss Tucker, and we feel that had it not been for her, some

other team might now be the proud possessors of this silver loving cup.

The players this year were: Rose Wilson and Bernice Lang, centers; Charlotte Mayfield and Alice Connelly, guards; Mary Phillips and Julia LaShelle, goals. Their Captain was Charlotte Mayfield, and the Business Manager, Julia LaShelle.



Elsie Turri, Amy Brady, Josephine Turri, Miss Tucker, Adey Wing, Beatrice Haruff  
Ruby Brady, Charlotte Mayfield, Bernice Lang, Julia LaShelle, Rose Wilson, Alice Connelly, Mary Phillips



## BOYS' BASKET BALL

A great deal of interest was taken in basket ball this year due to the fact that the boys were forced to take some physical training under the direction of a teacher. Basket Ball was taken up the first of the year, and regular practice and hard work developed a team that made a better showing than the Armijo teams have in the past few years.



WILLIAMS, BRANSFORD, TILLMAN, SMITH, GORDON  
MR. SPAETH  
PEABODY, MCCOEY, TUTTLE, WITTKE, SARASIN

### SCHEDULE OF GAMES

#### Practice Games

Armijo at Rio Vista.....	Rio Vista, 23	Armijo, 22
Armijo at Vacaville.....	Vacaville, 22	Armijo, 39

#### S. C. A. L. Games

Oct. 12, Armijo at Benicia....	Benicia... 7;	Armijo, 17
Oct. 19, Rio Vista at Armijo...	Rio Vista, 22;	Armijo, 23
Oct. 26, Dixon at Armijo.....	Dixon... 18;	Armijo, 22
Nov. 9, Armijo at Vallejo.....	Vallejo... 26;	Armijo 25
Nov. 23, Vacaville at Armijo..	Vacaville. 14;	Armijo, 26
Nov. 28, Armijo at Winters...	Winters.. 29;	Armijo, 24

#### Standing of Teams

Vacaville.....	833	1-3
Armijo.....	666	2-3
Winters.....	666	2-3
Vallejo.....	666	2-3
Dixon.....	333	1-3
Rio Vista.....	166	2-3
Benicia.....	166	2-3

## TRACK TEAM



Morse, Kemp, Volpi, Peterson, Mayhood, Neitzel, Tuttle, Tillman, Smith, McCoe, Morrison, Williams  
Gordon, Peabody  
Ferraro, Rye, Goosen, Morse, Bailey, Wittke, Sarasin, Fickle

Due to the small number of Senior boys this year we didn't make much showing, for we always look to the Seniors, after four years practice, to take most of the honors in athletics. But with the few boys that did come out we succeeded in taking second in the S. C. A. L. and some points in the S. N. S. C. A. L. The schedules are as follows:-

### THE PRACTICE MEET

Seniors and Freshmen vs. Juniors and Sophomores.

Mile—Bailey; Peabody; Fickle.

1-2 mile—Peabody; Bailey; Fickle.

50 yd. dash—Goosen; McCoe; Wittke.

100 yd. dash—Morrison; Williams; Goosen.

440 yd. dash—Peabody; Bailey; Wittke.

220 yd. dash—Bransford; Wittke; Morrison.

220 hurdles Williams; McCoe; Goosen.

120 hurdles—Peabody; Sarasin.

Pole Vault—Goosen; Tuttle; Bransford.

High Jump—Tuttle; Bransford; Volpi.  
Broad Jump—Tillman; McCoe; Bailey.  
Shot Put—Tuttle; Tillman; Smith.  
Discus—Tuttle; Tillman; Smith.

#### **THE DUAL MEET: RIO VISTA VS. ARMIJO**

##### **1st Place**

Mile —Peabody, (Armijo) 5.45.  
50 yd dash—James, (Rio Vista) 11 flat.  
440 yd dash—James, (Rio Vista) 63 sec.  
880 yd dash—Bailey, (Armijo) 2.40.  
Javalin—Tillman, (Armijo) 135 ft. 2 in.  
Discus—Tuttle, (Armijo) 105 ft.  
Broad jump—Tuttle, (Armijo) 19 ft. 8 1-2 in.  
Pole vault—Tuttle, (Armijo) 8 1-2 ft.  
Low hurdles—Williams, (Armijo) 35 sec.  
220 yd. dash—James, (Rio Vista) 27 sec.  
High jump—Bransford, (Armijo) 5 ft. 4 in.

##### **S. N. S. C. A. L. (Held at St. Helena.)**

Peabody 4th place in the mile run.  
Tuttle First in Discus and shot, 4th in javalin.

#### **S. C. A. L. TRACK MEET (Held at Dixon.)**

##### **TRACK EVENTS**

Mile Run—(1) Shelton, (Vj); (2) Allison, (Vj); (3) Peabody, (A) 5:24.  
50 Yd Dash—(1) Ryan (Vj); (2) Campbell (R V); (3) Collens, (Vj) 5:02.  
220 Yd Dash—(1) Welch (Vj); (2) Frates, (R V); (3) Campbell (R V) 28.  
440 Yard Dash—(1) James (R V); (2) McCrystol, (Vj); (3) Wittke, (A); 55.  
120 High Hurdles—(1) Welch, (Vj); (2) McLaughlin, (Vj); (3) Shelton (Vj) 18:1.  
100 Yd Dash—(1) Ryan Vj); (2) Collens (Vj); (3) Frates, (RV); 10:2.

880 Yd Dash—(1) Allison (Vj); (2) Peabody (A); (3) McCrystol (Vj); 2:18.

220 Yd Dash—(1) Frates (RV); (2) Collens (Vj); 22:1.

Relay—(1) Rio Vista; (2) Armijo.

##### **FIELD EVENTS**

Discus Throw—Tillman (A); Kern (Vj); Tuttle (A); Distance 101 ft.

High Jump—Welch (Vj); Tuttle (A);; Rogers (Vj); Height 5-7.

Shot Put—Tuttle (A); Kern (Vj); Tillman (A); Distance 43-5.

Broad Jump—Tuttle (A); Welch (Vj); Frates (RV); Distance 17 11 1-2.

Javalan Throw—Kern (Vj); David (Vj); Tillman (A) Distance 122-9.

Pole Vault—Shelton (Vj); Goosen (A); Rogers (Vj); Height 9-9.

Tuttle estalished a new record in the shot put. The record now stands as follows for the S. C. A. .

50 yard dash—Ellis (Armijo) 5 1-5 sec.

100 yard dash—Connolly (Vallejo) 10 1-5 sec.

220 yard dash—Connolly (Vallejo) 22 sec.

440 yard dash—Crooks (Benicia) 2 min. 6 sec.

880 yard dash—Rowl (Dixon) 4 min. 48 sec.

120 high hurdles—Roberts (Armijo) , Weldon (Vacaville) 17 sec.

220 yard low hurdles—Martinez (Vallejo) 27 2-5 sec.

Pole vault—Peterson (Armijo) 11ft.

Broad jump—White (Armijo) 22ft.

Shot put—Tuttle (Armijo) 43.5.

Hammer throw—Lambert (Armijo) 156 ft.

Javelin—Tuttle (Armijo) 134 ft.

Discus—Elson (Benicia) 108 ft.

Relay—Vacaville Team 1 min. 37 sec.

# EXCHANGES

This year, to our great disappointment, few exchanges entered the portals of Armijo. We hope, though, that more will come next year, as we believe that by the exchanges, the different schools become better acquainted with each other, each finding some new idea which might better their school or paper, or find jollification, when reading the joshes or clever answers made by some poor, unsuspecting student. Should one be in attendance at Armijo, and spend the entire day in the study hall, it would be seen that the exchanges are very popular, the teachers explaining six or eight times during the day that the lessons and not the exchanges are to be studied. So, don't for a moment think that the exchanges are not welcome, because they are. They are more welcome than the flowers of spring, and nearly as welcome as our diplomas next June.

We do not think it possible for us to criticise the exchanges as we cannot tell under what difficulties they were put to print, the size of the school, or the means by which money can be obtained for the publication of the book. Then again, the war has made a material change in size and appearance of most of the books. We have found that to be true in the publication of Mezcla this year. We are very appreciative for the exchanges that came this year and hope to see them again next year. Come again. You the welcome.

Those received were:

Tattler, Willows; Napanee, Napa; The Poppy, Winters; The Ilex, Woodland; Ulati, Vacaville; The Netherland, Rio Vista; Capa de Ora, Orland.

A. W. '18





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# JOSHES

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Ruby: Why is Geraldine a Traylor?

Bea: I don't know.

Ruby: Because she trailed Harvey.

Mr. Spaeth (dashing madly into the History Room)  
Now I don't want to hear such a hilarious hullabaloo when I leave the room.

Alice: Well you wouldn't be very quiet if a bug was under your foot either.

Mr. Spaeth: Well he wouldn't run up that quick.

Miss Tucker: What is the definition for synonym?

Senior: It's the word you use when you can't spell the other.

Miss Tucker (in Biology) "What is a tapeworm like?"

Al. "Something like tape measure isn't it?"

Mrs. Udell (to student who was shaking the desk to make it squeak).

"What would you think of me if I started moving my desk around?"

Bright Leslie: "I would think you were pretty strong."

Touse loved Mildred Polland,

And love for Touse did seize her,

In all the world there's nothing,

Touse would not do to please her,

In fact he'd even go so far

As to take a-hold and squeeze her.

Miss Tucker: (In Biology) "What creature is satisfied with the least food?"

Al. "The moth. He doesn't eat anything but holes."

### WELL, WHO WOULD OF THOUGHT IT

Ellard W. (In English 111) Telling the life of Benjamin Franklin—

“He entered the printing press—”

Teacher in Gen. Science. “How would a bricklayer put the bricks in the top of a door?” (Meaning how would the bricks be placed.)

Freshman “He would get up on a ladder.”

Mrs. Udell (in Arithmetic) “If a farmer raised 1700 bushels of wheat, and sells it for \$1.50 a bushel, what will he get?

Freshie “An automobile.”

English Teacher just finishing a lesson on figures of speech.

“Well, Willie, give me an example of a metaphor.”

He thot a moment and then replied, “Yesterday I metaphor legged dog.”

### WHO WERE THEY???????

Two Senior boys were standing near the library door, were discussing a problem in Physics as to the difference between “sight” and “vision.”

“Can you see the difference?” one asked.

The second fell to thinking seriously. At that moment two Freshmen girls entered the library. “There is our solution,” He said, indicating the girls, “One is a sight and the other a vision.”

### WAR TIME NOTICE!!!!!!!

Don't send chewing gum to the waste basket. It's not “HOOVERIZING”, nor showing “THRIFT”---1cent wasted and sometimes 5.

### SOME PEP

Miss Balleseyus, to the Freshman Music Class “You people sound like a Jazz Band.”

“Mildred!” exclaimed Miss McGinnis in Cooking Class. “How do you manage to make such a noise in that pantry?”

“Well,”replied Mildred, “You just try to drop a whole pile of pans without making a noise.”

### GOSSIP

Miss McGinnis is flashing around a diamond ring on her left hand and it looks rather suspicious.

### FLUNK

F----ierce lessons!

L----ate hours!

U----nexpected company!

N----ot prepared!

K----icked out!

### WHY STUDY?

When you have studied all night,

And your lessons are all right,

Who calls on you to recite?

NOBODY!

The sewing class was having its regular discussion, the subject of showers came up. Every sort of shower was talked of---finally Roberta exclaimed---“I am going to have a tin shower before I get married so I can get my Ford.”

### TO A FORD

“Little drops of water,

Little bits of gravel

In your carbtorator,

Often cause you trouble.”



Don't you dare



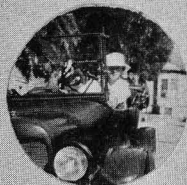
SURE.



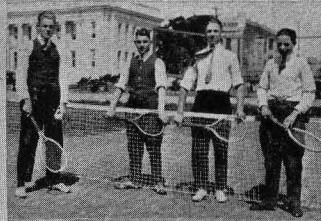
Only Northwind as usual.



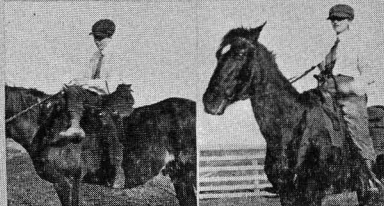
Three of our Kind.



JITNEY?



How many can go over The net Though?



Two additional Senior Boys We didn't know we had so many. WHO?



Cook And Then — EAT ???



What do you want any way?



Just me.



"Oh hurry up."



KNIT! KNIT and Then don't NIT BUT keep on KNITTING



FIRST AND LAST CALL For The 11



BETWEEN ACTS.



FROM 11:10 To 11:50.

'18's Dot.



William Freshie.

#### HARDLY ANY DIFFERENCE

"S--ay," said he, "What's all this noise I hear?"

"P--lease do not scratch on your paper so loudly,"

A--nd carelessly ruin pen points with useless wear."

E--very guilty and noisy freight car headlessly continues its traveling.

T--hen he realized his mistake, as he listened again with care.

H--is pupils looked up with laughing faces, for harshness had taken wing,

And his ever present smile was visible.

Freshie "Wasn't Burns one of our greatest poets?"

Senior "No, he's a detective."

Mr. Spaeth (in Civics) "Yes, I know everyone likes to get their heads together and have a social time!"

Latin Pupil: "Mr. Mackey, why do you use your hands when you talk?"

Mr. Mc. "All good talkers use their hands for emphasis."

Mr. F. (in chemistry) "Did you make soft or hard soap in the experiment?"

Peterson: We used hard water in making it so I guess it is hard soap."

Math. Teacher: "We will have a review Friday."

Freshie: "What on?" (Meaning on what chapter in the book.)

Teacher: "Paper."

Mr. F. (in Science) "Snakes fight with their tongues."

Smart Freshie lad: "Yes, just like girls."

Miss Tucker "Now for instance the Germans eat heartily and eat heavy foods."

Student: "Yes, they're eating lead now."

Harvey Traylor was seen with a young lady the other night.

Senior: "Did Fickle ever run a mile?"

Freshman: "No, not all at one time."

"Who keeps the teachers busy?"

Al Sparks: "I do."

#### NOT TOO LATE

Mr. Spaeth (in U. S. History) "You know every good young man wants to get married and most all do."

History class laughs.

Mr. Spaeth: "Well, it isn't too late yet, give me time."

Bran: "How much did you ever get out of your car?"

Eddie Kemp: "About seven times in an hour I think."

Mr. Mackay: "How long would you want to live?"

Bright Student: "Until I die."

Mr. Mackay: "Well---er--, I suppose you wouldn't live any longer than that."

#### STRAIGHT FROM THE HEART

One night Elaine Swanson said to her sister, "I wonder who will be President of the Student Body next year; hope Raleigh Peabody will be. I know I will vote for him."

Mr. Jones: "Say Roland, plane this board down."

Roland: "How? Run it through the saw?"





Is That so?



Two full-blown  
Roses —  
Goodby Armijo



Three of Armijo's  
Buds



Shoot. —



We'll look at 'em work  
Now what d'you think  
of That —



Quit Kids!  
HAVE A heart!



Let 'er Flicker!



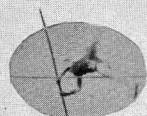
? Love



It may go in, but it didn't.



Grim-Girls-Grim —



Armijo  
FLAG  
POLE

"OVER  
THE  
TOP"



And Judy — she hiked right Along.



HELP!!!



Smiley Smith  
Senior —

Julia: Look girls, where an insect bit me on the face.  
Wilma: Was it Arvin?

Percy, (in Spanish) trying to pronounce "seguir"  
which means "to go", ----"cigar."

Mr. Spaeth: "Clayton, help to straighten out Beatrice."  
Clayton: "No, I can't. I'm no doctor."

Junior: "Who is that ugly boy over there?"  
Senior: "Where? Oh! He is my brother."  
Junior: "I beg your pardon; I had not noticed the resemblance, before."

Clement (in English 1V.) "I feel sleepy today, Is that a sign of measles?"  
Miss Tucker "Not for you, Clement."

#### TO A NIGHTMARE

How unattainable your dark form seems,  
Mark of my dreams!

I long to say that you belong to me,  
To hold you poised for questioning eyes to see,  
For NOW you're greater than a victory,  
Of all our teams!  
Must I see a red mark in your place,  
Face to face!

Must I know that racket, track, and ball,  
And girls and Fords have caused my fall,  
And sent you with your comrades all----  
Into unknown space!  
(Seniors begin to worry for about the last two weeks,  
----from May 29th, A. M. to June 13, 8:15 P. M.

#### THE LAY OF HER LAST SIGH

"I have grown weary of Armijo hall,  
Weary of their cooking, and sewing and all,  
Weary of scolding and crabbing each day,  
Take me away, Bill, take me away."

Mr. F. (in agriculture) "Why do you suppose tomatoes were first calle "Love Apples?"

Aileen: 'Because they are so mushy, I suppose.'

Mystified Senior: (in a loud whisper not easily distinguished) "How do you spell pose?.,  
Junior: "What do you mean---B-E-A-U-S?"

#### THE SONG OF THE TYPIST

When you come to the end of a perfect job,  
And you sit alone with your work,  
And your bosom heaves with a happy sob,  
For the joy that you've not been a shirk,  
Do you think what the end of a perfect job,  
Can mean to a tired heart,  
When you've missed each word since you learned  
to type,  
And you erased ten more at the start?  
Well this is the end of a perfect job (?)  
And the end of a poem too,  
Though it took more time than it should have done,  
It'll stand a test, 'tis true;  
For toiling has rendered this perfect job,  
It'll pass any teacher's "squint."  
And 'twill stand on the page both bold and clear,  
When this whole thing goes to print.

U. NO. ME



O  
U  
GIRLS!!!



When did he get it?



63HS  
si oym h25



STRAIGHT FROM IRELAND



Hello, Folks.



Tra La La ----



SOMETHING IS ALWAYS



OF LIFE

TAKING THE JOY OUT



This is The Life.



Only known  
Boneheads  
IN CAPTIVITY



IT'S ME  
Myself -  
Sure.



Half-SOULED—



As Usual.



Can't any one  
Look pleasant  
AROUND  
Here?



Ready?



FEET or (S)MILES



Our Motto — "SAVE" —  
Wear out your LAST year's  
CLOTHES — SAMPLES ABOVE.



Tough Guys



Oh my —  
DEAR

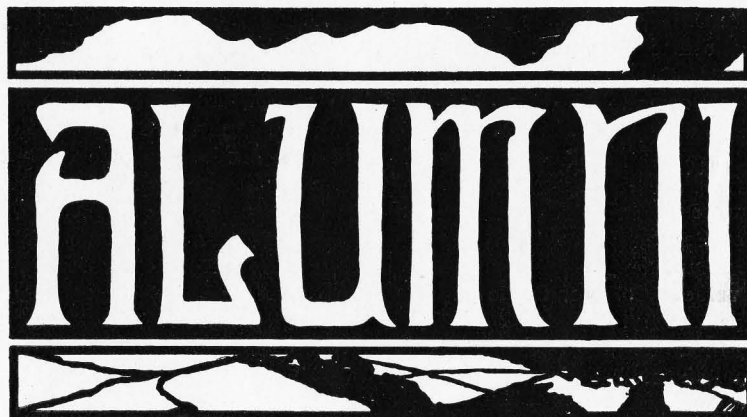
## FAVORITE SAYINGS

Alice C. "Oh! A job for Connelly!"  
Wittke "I ain't got no time!"  
Howard G. "We'll go in YOUR machine!"  
Clayton "Yes, her and I are going!"  
Gladys F. "Yes, boys, I'll go!"  
Virginia "Gee-whiz! I'll never get off this typing lesson. Hey, Al, pass me your eraser."  
Alma B. "We had a reckless time!"  
Clement T. "Lend me a match!" (What for?)  
Shirley S. "They ain't got no brought up!"  
James M. "No fooling, kid!"  
Aileen R. "If I could only reduce!"  
Aileen B. "I can't, I've got too much work to do!"  
Elsie T. "One of my friends delayed me so I couldn't get here on time!"  
Lillian M. "Oh, Clement! Stop it!"  
Leslie G. "Cut the sarcasm!"  
Dorothy M. "Well--Why?"  
Beatrice B. "It's awful boresome to be so popular!"  
Mildred "Aw Howard, listen!"  
Arthur G. "No, it costs too much!" "Don't scratch the MACHINE!"  
Arvin "You see, it's this way!"  
Charlotte "If you had this fat!"  
Roberta "You can't have my man!"  
Isabel C. "More cute fellows there?"  
Julia "Having more darn fun!"

Alfred S. "Gee! Talk about 'classy Janes!'" "Come on! I'll put in the gas."

"Duck" Goosen "Oh! Joy!"  
William F. "I get faster every round of the track."  
Beatrice H. "He did, and he did, and he did!"  
Wilma V. "I don't know, what it is!"  
Mary B. "Huh!"  
Sadie D. "Where is William?"  
Sterling R. "Let's get kicked out, Bran!"  
Robert R. "Search me!"  
Mr. Jones "I want this room quiet immediately, if not sooner!"  
Mr. Mackay "We won't wait for the bell." "That's what I'm getting at, yes!"  
Louie Morse "Want a ride? Can't have none."  
Albert B. "Your treat!"  
Adeline B. "I won't go out!"  
Mr. Spaeth "Now fellows! Be careful with that language."  
Ellard W. "So can I. Wait!"  
M. Connelly "Aw! Mr. Mackay!"  
B. Mayfield "Oh Ruthie! I saw the cutest fellow!"  
R. Peabody "Come on fellows!"  
Ruth Tillman "Who's that new fellow in town?"  
A. Bailey "Yes you did!"  
A. Morse "Louie's driving today!"  
Olivia H. "I had a most wonderful time!"  
Jewel R. "Now Shirley, you stop!"  
Amy Brady "Here's your cake, Wittke!"





# ALUMNI

1915

Warren Burrell—Army.  
 Ina Campbell—Teaching near Fresno.  
 Leo Dunnell—Army.  
 Earl Ellis—Navy.  
 Marguerite Fisher—Teacher in Idaho.  
 Minnie Gibbons—East Oakland.  
 Mina Lockie—Working in San Francisco.  
 John McCoey—Army.  
 Mrs. C. McFall (Clare Newman) Suisun.  
 Nellie Neitzel—Teacher, Brown's Valley.  
 Alda Rathbone—Deceased.  
 Manford Rummelsburg—(?)  
 Herbert Thomas—Army.  
 John Wilson—Holt's, Stockton.  
 Herbert Woolner—Navy.  
 Mabel Vogel—Teacher, San Francisco.

1916

Frank Alexander—With Southern Pacific at Suisun.  
 Thelma Brown—Cadet teacher in Vacaville G. S.  
 Darwin Bryan—Stanford.  
 Cecil Coffman—Home Fairfield.  
 Francis Connelly—Student, Chico Normal.  
 Roma Ellis—Home in Suisun Valley.  
 James Garst—Student Wash. College, St. Louis, Mo.  
 Frank Haines—Aviation.  
 George Hay—Ranch.  
 Kenneth Hopkins—With Southern Pacific.  
 Madelyn Lenahan—Student, University of California.  
 Mrs. Kenneth Hopkins (Hazel McMurray) "Ennor's" Suisun  
 Olive O'Neill—Working in Sacramento.  
 Sylvestre Pasqual—Student, University Chicago, Ill.  
 Marcus Peterson—Student, University of California.  
 Chester Roberts—Navy.

Della Sherburne—Student, U. C.  
Dorothy Sparks— Student U. C.  
Carmen Williams—Heald's College, Stockton.  
Wilbur Woods—Navy.  
Doris White—Student, Chico Normal.  
Lee Rathbone—Coram.

1917

Mildred Bidstrup—Yoemanette.  
George Brady—Working for Southern Pacific, Suisun.  
Pearl Bryan—Working in Suisun.  
Cleotis Burrell—Heald's Business College, Oakland.  
Otis Burrell—Home in Napa County.  
Harold Comphel—Working in Oakland.  
Beatrice Clayton—Home in Fairfield.

Ernest Crowley—Student, Berkeley, U. C.  
Dorman Downing—Student A. D. Z. School, Berkeley.  
Robert Garst— With Southern Pacific, Suisun.  
Antone Gerevas—Working in Oakland.  
Victor Gcosen—Cashier in Bank of Fairfield.  
Myrtle Lambrecht—Home in Suisun Valley.  
Lloyd Grother—Home in Suisun Valley.  
Eaton Mackay—Stanford University.  
Ruth Morrill— Student S. F. Normal.  
Charles Murphy—Home, Fairfield.  
Lulu Neitzel—Home, Suisun Valley.  
Georgie Nelson—Stenographer in San Francisco.  
Lillian Schinkel—Working in postoffice in Cordelia.  
Errol Sherburne—Working in First Nat. Bank, Berkeley.  
Phyllis Whitby—Home, Fairfield.



Irvin Tuttle '18" 1/26/30 12 years later

## AUTOGRAPHS

Clayton - Mason.

Beatrice Bransford '18

Al. Cannelly '18

Dorothy MacKay

FRANK  
MITH  
1/28

James J. McLoey '18

Eric Luni '18

Aileen Ridenbaw.

Roberta Wing.  
1/28

Arthur Garben '18

Isabel Campbell.

Augusta Trip

Virginia Johnson.

Alma Beck '18

Adeline Beck '18

Lillian Mortensen '18

Wilma Verrink '18

Hilma Bequith '18

Alta Hammond '20

Elbridge Strong '20

Trigla Ghasen '20

Louise  
Conrad Smith

Monine Randall '20

Gladys Farley '21

Ellen Murphy '21

Julia La Shell '18

Harvey Taylor '20

Robert Rye '21

Marguerite Brugg

St. Hammond '21

Dorothy Robinson

Edna Burrell '21

Isabel Neitzel '21

Geraldine Trainor '21

Fadie Drucker '21

Gene Christo '21

Iva Garcia '21

Hon. R.M. Brady, esp. '21

Gladys Swanson '21

Margaret Connelly '21

Beatrice Mayfield

Hamilton Anderson '21

Earl Loosen

Marion Rutledge '21

Robert M. Rye '21

Eileen Hogan '21

Nina M. Collough '21

Gladys Talbot '21

Celestine M. Kinty '21

# AUTOGRAPHS

Malvugh Peabody '19

Alfred Swartz '19

Mildred Holland '19

Mary Phillips '19

Harold Nelson '19

Arthur Bailey '19

Chester Petersen '19

Lydia Volsi '19

Ellard Williams '19

Amasa Morse '19

Nellie Bryan '19

Boe Hixon '19

Amy Brady '19

Julian Morrison '19

Gilbert R. Jones

William Maudslayi

R. L. Spaulth.

Mrs. Udell.

George J. McTier

J. H. Firehammer

Hedwig E. Ballaseyus





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